Volume LVII CHICAGO, AUGUST 16, 1906 Number 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TO MEN OF WEALTH.

You may stretch our your sceptre over the heads of the labourers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers, put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death;" or on the other side you may say to the labourers: "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy and die in honour." And better than such an honourable death it were that the day had perished wherein we were born, and the night in which it was said there is a child conceived.—*John Ruskin.*

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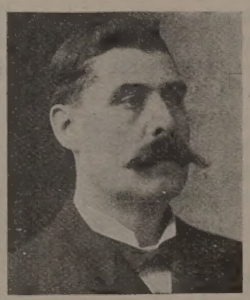

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UNITY

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VOLUME LVII THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1906 NUMBER 25

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended, ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head;
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

The fight against cancer and tuberculosis waxes hot. High medical authorities express the highest confidence that the weapons are at hand with which both these terrors are to be disarmed. The latest news from this battlefield is to be found in the August number of *Review of Reviews.* Here is a warfare that is worth while. What a pity it is that a government which has six, ten or eleven million dollars to invest in a doubtful contrivance for killing men—a ship of war that is likely to do more damage to its friends than to its enemies—has not a dime to give to carry on the warfare against the great plagues of human society, a campaign to save, not to destroy life.

The result of the primary election in Chicago was, as might be expected, a physical triumph for the machine men in the main, but a spiritual triumph for the cause of independency and political freedom. The momentum of the old machine was sufficient to carry its henchmen through one more crisis; the flywheel is a big one, but evidence is not wanting that they were carried through by the momentum of the past rather than by the enthusiasm of the present. Many of them will go back to their offices with the conviction that they have been found out and that they cannot always trust to the luck that brought them around this time. There is a handwriting on the wall; let those who may read it.

If the Rev. A. C. Dixon is correctly reported in the *Literary Digest* of August 4, the "institutional church," which he declares a spiritual failure, is a thing which he has never understood, however intimate he may have been with the Ruggles Street Baptist Church of Boston. The "attempt to reach the souls of men through their bodies" is a neat phrase, but it is a clumsy inaccuracy; one which we do not believe any intelligent friend of the institutional church would accept for one moment. The church in question, as we understand it, simply recognizes that the gospel of life should be applied as well as preached and should be in evidence in precept and in example seven days in the week, not simply on the seventh day of the week.

Russell Sage has not suffered for want of newspaper notoriety after his death. He who defied all humane instincts while alive may well be supposed to be indifferent to any post-mortem estimates of his character. The world is used to think of him as stingy. Perhaps he grew to like the adjective, to regard it as a compliment. But the will of Russell Sage reveals not only the stingy man, but the coward also; he shirked a disagreeable task. The seventy millions he acquired he knew he could not take with him, but he dodged the disagreeable task of distributing the same. The confidence expressed in his wife would be beautiful and worthy if he had not shouldered onto a poor old lady seventy-seven years old the awful responsibility and the head-splitting and hair-breaking toil involved in the trust. He did well to trust her superior judgment, but the old coward might have taken her advice in life and saved her and the world much trouble by doing a little distributing while alive instead of leaving all the disagreeable task for her to do.

The outing work of the Chicago Bureau of Charities reaches far out into Wisconsin. A carload of little ones was recently distributed in the neighborhood of Tower Hill. The pale little children of the alley are being bathed in sunshine, deluged with attentions, and threatened with a dyspepsia-breeding bounty. The July 14th issue of *Co-operation* shows 651 country outings up to date, most of them distributed through northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. In addition to the work done by the Bureau of Charities, much work is done by the settlements and other organizations, the more touching of which is that accomplished by the South Side Crippled Children's Aid Fund. Miss Florence E. Prouty, 90 E. Twenty-second street, secretary of this Fund, in acknowledging a contribution received through the editor of UNITY says:

"I wish I could make you know just what it meant for these unfortunate children. I did not have enough to settle our bills, as two persons who promised could not fulfill, so your contribution saved us from immediate anxiety. Some of my children are victims of tuberculosis. I greatly desired to bring them back for a longer time and leave three there until fall,

hoping they might be benefited. The balance of your check enabled me to do so. I have brought back five of my own and took in three other dreadfully afflicted cases who had been refused by all other outing parties. I wish you could see the improvement already wrought.''

The benefit of this outing is not all physical, as the following extract from a letter, reproduced verbatim from *Co-operation,* will show. It is a ten-year-old boy trying to lift his father up to the levels of his gracious host:

''How are all of you? Are you all healthy and strong? I hope you are so i won't have to get homesick, you see. Tell father that if he should come out here to see his boy he mustn't chew tobacco or smoke, as Mr. R. and Oscar don't. So i don't want you to smoke, my Papa. i know you won't smoke, will you, Papa? i am having a very nice time. Now i will say that i will now close with my love to you all. Your boy George.''

Who Owns It?

Who owns the public roads? Who owns the needs of organized society? Who owns the social pressure that makes neighbors of peoples far removed? Who owns that accumulation of wit that is represented in the ingenuity of the modern utilities—the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone and their countless colleagues? These are some of the pressing questions of modern times. Questions that underlie all the franchises, charters, incorporations and corporate uses of individual patent rights and other counters of intangible property. It is not for UNITY to answer these questions, though it refrains from discussing the same not because they lie beyond its domains, but because of its lack of ability. It is content this time to simply instance "a case in point."

By virtue of a highly elaborated group of neighborhood telephone lines, "clusters" is the technical term, Tower Hill, the summer home of the senior editor of UNITY, is within telephone communication with most of the farms and villages for twenty or thirty miles around. These neighborhood enterprises by a system of exchange courtesies or small fees have combined their utilities and thus greatly socialized the rural territories represented. This large territory, twenty-five miles or more in diameter, socialized by the telephone, carries its lines within a few feet of the "long distance" wires of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, which is the euphonious name for that branch of the many-headed and many-handed thing represented by the Bell combine—a commercial octopus and briarius united in one amorphous parasitic creature that fattens on the higher needs of the public, the non-material necessities of the world. A few feet of wire and a switch key could bring the summer office of UNITY within whispering distance of the Chicago headquarters; would enable the editor-in-chief to talk with his friends far and near as readily as if in Chicago, for which privilege he would be glad to pay all legitimate fees.

But if he would speak with his friends over the briarian wires of the Bell Company combine he must go afoot, horseback, or otherwise three miles, following the Bell wires all the way along a road into which its poles are stretched, where it has cut down trees, lopped off branches to preserve sacred its wires. The wire and the rider will cross the same bridge and arrive through the streets of the same village.

The editor and other citizens of Tower Hill join in maintaining the public roads, in building and sustaining the long bridge across the river, in improving the village streets, toward all of which the telephone company pays nothing to county or town.

Having accomplished this three-mile journey, the editor will cross the deadly chasm of a few feet and is able to call up "Central" and talk with the larger telephonic world, claimed and controlled by the impersonal something represented by the "Bell Combine."

The unsophisticated will ask, Why does not the Bell Company accept the commercial opportunity of extending its business? Why does it not embrace the opportunity of extending its exchanges to its own interests—the fees are in sight, business is awaiting them, but they are out for larger game. Having secured without opposition the use of so many thousand miles of highway, having preëmpted the talking and listening privileges of such a vast multitude, they want to compel the remainder of the State of Wisconsin to come into their fold. They are after universal dominion, and in Wisconsin their conquests are rapid; the time is in sight when they will control the whole territory, for farmer after farmer will, like the bucolic editor of UNITY, grow weary of traveling the three miles or more that might be compassed by a whisper. And they will surrender. They will be starved in.

In the very nature of things the telephone privilege is a monopoly; it represents community life, a socialized interest. It is destined to become the unbroken monopoly of a private company or the growing utility of the commonwealth. The telephone is the most spiritual extension of the postoffice. The government now provides a way by which the poor man's message when committed to paper is transmitted to its destination at the minimum of expense and time. Logically there is no reason why it should not transmit the same message through similar instrumentalities over the telegraphic wire or through the telephonic receiver. The future of the telephone system is to be determined by answering our initial question, "Who owns the road?"

As steps in this solution come the suggestions of Governor LaFollette and others—first, that Mr. Bell or his non-corporate alias should pay his share of road tax; that he help sustain the institutions upon which he thrives; and, next, by state and local enactments, that Mr. Bell or his numerous aliases be compelled to make connection whenever possible with connecting wires, thus enabling the man at any telephone, for reasonable fees, to come into communication with a man at any other telephone scientifically available.

In short, the editor of UNITY petitions the Wisconsin legislature, if indeed it is not within the province of the Congress of the United States, for a "Com-

pelling Act" that will cause the switch to be installed, and when necessary thrown, which will put Tower Hill into speaking relations with Chicago and in an adequate emergency with the President of the United States: Why not? The exigencies of civilization, the well being and the safety of the commonwealth require it.

*Pioneers of Progress

This is the significant title of an unpretentious book by Dr. T. A. Bland, of Chicago. It is such a book as one might expect from the hands of a man well down the western slope who looks backward over the seventy-seven years spent in tireless pursuit of high ideals,—as physician, journalist, lecturer and reformer. Aside from the account we find of the author in the generous introduction by Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Dr. Bland has kept himself out of sight, and still we feel on laying down the gossipy book, which contains the reminiscences based on a personal acquaintance and intimate coöperation with thirty or more of the men and women whom the intelligent everywhere recognize as "Pioneers of Progress," that we have become well acquainted with the genial author. Lincoln, Garrison, Grant, Emerson, Julia Ward Howe, Robert G. Ingersoll, Lucretia Mott, Gerald Massey, Bishop Simpson, Horace Greeley, Susan B. Anthony, Peter Cooper, Lydia Maria Child, are among those with whom this journalist, lecturer and reformer mingled. Dr. Bland is evidently one of the men born to be secretary of every society he was willing to serve. The National Arbitration League, the Indian Defense Association, the American Medical Union, are among the societies thus served. Alfred B. Meacham, the friend of the Indian, the hero of the "lava beds" and the Modoc trouble connected therewith, comes in for a sketch in this book, and well he might, for he found in Dr. Bland an efficient agent and coöperator.

These thirty-two sketches are too slight to be considered biographical even, but "read through at a sitting," they serve as an optimistic tonic to the spirit; they glorify the century and the country with which we have to do. These sketches are an antidote to the depression of spirit that comes from the constant perusal of the "investigations," "inspections," "examinations," and "exposures" which now constitute so large a part of current journalism.

In this book Dr. Thomas and Dr. Bland exchange genial compliments, the author offering all too short a sketch of him who for over thirty years was pastor of the People's Church of Chicago, and the genial president of the Congress of Religion in turn giving in the introduction too meager but altogether inviting information concerning the busy Dr. Bland and his wife, the story of whose lives includes careers in Chicago, Washington, New York and Boston.

Dr. Bland is one more man who has made honorable the word "Hoosier," and among these thirty-two pioneers Bishop Simpson, Henry Ward Beecher, Lew Wallace, John Clark Ridpath and perhaps others were at one time or another in their lives intimately related to Indiana.

Altogether this book, written in the light of the declining sun, is a welcome book not only to those who are looking westward, but quite as much to those who are still rejoicing in the buoyancy of the early morning hours of life. Let our young men and women who lend themselves to college enthusiasms and affect the joys of culture read these sketches and reflect on the things that are worth living for, and ask themselves whether they are justifying the splendid inheritance here indicated.

*"Pioneers of Progress," by T. A. Bland, Chicago, 1906.

Tower Hill Letter No. 5

During the third week of the summer school Miss Anne Mitchell gave us five very carefully prepared interpretations of Hebrew poetry—ancient and modern. The Book of Psalms was seen to be the hymn book of the Jewish temple—a collection of odes, hymns, anthems, prayers and liturgical selections, many of which were set to music and chanted and sung by the priests and choir as a part of the elaborate temple service. These were collected from far and near, the authors of them being unknown, some of them dating back to as early a time as King David possibly, while the greater part of them were of the time of the second temple, when the temple service was not elaborate.

The most illuminating lesson of the week was the one on the Song of Songs, which has given so much trouble to the commentators who have endeavored to read it as a serious religious treatise. Under Miss Mitchell's interpretations this book is seen to be a series of dramatic tableaux, in which the splendid king, in all his regal glory, and the fresh, strong self-reliant country youth are rival suitors for the hand of the Shulamite maiden. The king pleads with all the eloquence and imagery of oriental culture at its best. He offers her everything that kingly power and position and wealth can command; but in vain, for she turns from the temptations and enticements of luxury and accepts the rustic country lover, who offers her only his devotion and what his strength and courage are able to achieve. It is a love scene in which pure love—romantic love—is exalted and made beautiful.

The great drama of the Book of Job, dealing with the perennial problem of good and evil, was compared to some of the Greek dramas which treat the same problems; also with some of the modern introspective dramas, as Hamlet and Faust, which belong in the same class with Job. In her presentation of some of the modern Jewish writers as Heine, Emma Lazarus, Morris Rosenfeld and Israel Langwell she showed clearly that the fires of Hebrew literary genius still burn.

Among the treats of the season were the evenings with Walt Whitman and Stephen Phillips in his shorter poems, with Mr. Jones as interpreter. The philosophy of the two men is essentially the same, but how different is the ring in the call that comes from each to his followers. One is the voice of a free man, so completely emancipated from the shackles of conventionality and tradition that they have ceased to chafe and irritate him. Whitman's Song of Joys is the exuberant note of a free soul that goes bounding through the universe with a faith that is never daunted, that sees

good in all things and the ultimate triumph of righteousness everywhere. He stands on the mountain peak like a divinity, casts his eye over all things that have been created and pronounces it all very good.

Stephen Phillips feels that this triumphant faith is what he ought to have and he sometimes fancies he does possess it. But the injustice, the sorrow and suffering of the universe harrass and oppress him. It tugs at his heart strings and pulls his music down to a minor key. He starts out to sing a song of triumph, but it becomes one of doubt and uncertainty. He points to the height rather than beckons to us from the height. He struggles heroically toward the light, now with cries of pain, now with cries of despair, now with joy and hope, but withe such persistency and courage that while we are made to feel that he still abides in the shadow, he will surely reach the sun-crowned heights by and by and then his song of triumph will be heard.

Whether there be any truth in this interpretation or not, this was the way one hearer was made to feel as the result of Mr. Jones' readings in the Emerson pavilion on Tower Hill. E. S. H.

Calvin and Servetus

At the meeting of the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal churches held at Geneva in August of last year a significant service was held which was not on the formal program. The English and American delegates jointly arranged to place a wreath on the monument of Servetus, which stands on the spot on which he was burned. This monument was erected by the Protestants of Geneva descendants of the very branch of the church of which Calvin was the conspicuous leader. It was erected in expiation of the error which Calvin committed by causing the burning of Servetus and in devotion to that liberty of conscience which Calvin disregarded. A procession of some two hundred people, members of the congress, afterwards augmented by citizens of Geneva, marched out of the gate through which Servetus is said to have been led on his way to the pyre at Champelle. Gathering around the monument, an address was delivered on behalf of the English delegates by Mrs. Tarrant, of London, who first suggested the placing of the wreath, and then by Samuel J. Barrows, of New York, representing the American members. Br. Barrows' address was stenographically reported by Mrs. Barrows. The notes, temporarily mislaid, have since been found and transcribed, and the address is printed herewith.

Dear Friends of Geneva: We come to thank you for the opportunity of expressing our fidelity to the principles which led to the erection of this monument. It is one of the mile stones of history; it marks not only the spot of the martyrdom of Servetus, but it marks the advance which has been made since that fire was kindled. On one side of the stone is the name of Servetus, on the other the name of Calvin. They face different ways today, as they did 350 years ago. Here in Geneva you have two rivers, the Rhone and the Arve. They flew in different channels; they are of different colors, but by and by they come together and there is the mighty rush of many waters in the struggle for domination. So three centuries and a half ago these two lives, representing different tendencies and moving in different channels, came clashing together at Geneva, not like the roar of many waters, but literally with the crackling of flames and the smoke of faggots.

It has been said that there were personal elements in that great quarrel. There undoubtedly were. Each was tenacious of his views. Calvin was stern and arrogant. Servetus was not polite in controversy; it was not the custom of his age. He was bitter and sarcastic and contemptuous of his opponent. The two men disliked each other. But if a personal controversy alone had been the occasion of that tragedy we should not have come today to lay a wreath upon this stone. There were great principles at stake which could not be concealed and they are brought to mind again by this monument, which has been so generously erected by the people of Geneva.

Who was Servetus? Born in Spain in 1509, he left his native country at the age of nineteen and went to Germany, and then studied medicine in Paris. He anticipated by sixty years the discovery of the circulation of the blood by showing how the venous blood was purified by passing through the lungs. The wreath at the foot of this stone, placed there recently by the surgeons of the world when holding an international conference at Geneva, is a tribute to the value of his work as an explorer in physiology. Servetus met Calvin first in Paris. They were mutually antagonistic. Subsequently, as you know, Calvin came to Geneva. Servetus could not suppress his own love for theological speculation. He was tried for heresy at Vienna, in France, not far from Lyons, and imprisoned, but made his escape. He came to Geneva, and while here he was arrested, tried and condemned. Calvin was the chief agent in his condemnation, for he had declared that if Servetus ever came to Geneva he should not leave it alive. Here on this spot on the 27th of October, 1553, he was burned to death. This monument, raised by the people of Geneva, bears an inscription, which I will read in English:

"Grateful and respectful sons of Calvin, the great reformer, but condemning an error which was that of his own age, and firmly attached to liberty of conscience according to the true principles of the Reformation and of the Gospel, we raise this expiatory monument October 27, 1903."

On the other side of the monument is an inscription saying that on the 27th of October, 1553, Michel Servetus died upon this pyre.

Let us accord to Calvin the charitable extenuation here expressed that his error was the error of his age. In the confession of faith which he framed and to which he adhered it was made the duty of the magistrates to punish sins committed against God as well as those committed against man. The views of Servetus were regarded as offenses against God. But we must not forget that Calvin not only conformed to his age, but he helped to make his age what it was. There were others trying to make that age very different. There were some splendid men here in Geneva, in Berne, in Basle, in Italy, who protested with all their hearts and souls against the death of Servetus. One of these was Gribaldi, a great jurist of Italy, who came to Geneva to plead on behalf of the condemned man, and who declared that no penalty should be pronounced against erroneous doctrines, for the faith of everyone was free.

There was another man whom we should remember here tenderly today. In the cathedral at Basle I looked the other day to find his tombstone, but they could not show it to me. It was in an obscure part of the church, with only a dim inscription. That man was Castellio. Before long I hope some monument or tablet will be put up in Geneva to celebrate his humane and progressive spirit. His service was not that he showed the intellectual inadequacy of Calvin's belief, for he himself may have been orthodox in his opinions, but that he contended "that it was an absurdity to use earthly weapons in a spiritual battle." He interpreted Christianity not as a system of doctrine so much as a spirit of love and brotherhood. The enemies of Christianity, he said, are the vices which we must combat with virtue. "I speak to you," he said, "not as a prophet sent from God, but as a man of the people who detests quarrels and feuds and who desires to see

religion express itself more in charity than by discussions, more in piety of heart than by external forms." Castellio stood for liberty, justice, peace.

These were the essential principles of Zurkinden, of Bern, who also protested against the death of Servetus, and who in writing to Calvin against presecution on account of religious opinions said: "I have seen a mother eighty-eight years of age and her daughter, the mother of four children, going to death simply because they did not believe in baptizing their children." Zurkinden referred to the wisdom of the Senate of Basle, which would not pronounce a capital sentence on account of religious opinion. It contented itself with shutting up heretics and trying to convert them by reasoning with them. Let us remember, therefore, that this monument is a victory for the men who protested against the death of Servetus.

If we could summon Calvin back today how astounded he would be at the changes that have taken place. When Gribaldi came to plead for Servetus, Calvin refused to take his hand because he did not agree with him on matters of religion. Today he would find the children of those to whom he preached in Geneva extending friendly and hospitable hands to men and women holding opinions closely resembling those of Servetus. He would find Dr. Pfleiderer uttering sentiments in the hall of the university for which he would have been burned to death 350 years ago. He would find, too, a man with opinions even more radical than those of Servetus (Rev. M. J. Savage) expounding the permanent elements of Christianity in his own pulpit in the cathedral of Geneva.

Calvin would find that the theocracy he established in Geneva had gone, and that this very year in France, the country in which he was born, the union of church and state had been abolished. He would find, too, that in the great republic across the sea which some of us here represent, the theocracy planted by his followers had long since expired, and that political democracy with entire religious liberty had taken its place.

When Servetus was going to his death along the road which we have just walked, he invoked the spirit of Jesus Christ. We are invoking afresh that spirit today. It stands to us today not for philosophy, not for a creed, but for a spirit of love and humanity, manifest in all the ages and times. In the victory of peace over war, in the glorious news that has come to us that the peacemaker has triumphed and that hostilities between Russia and Japan have ceased, we have a new proof that the spirit of Jesus is still living in the world. It is only through that spirit of love and brotherhood which distinguished Jesus as the son of God that we can all attain the full consciousness that we are the children of God.

SAMUEL J. BARROWS.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER VII.

STILL WITH THE ARMY.

"To do her honor! It is beautiful!" How my pen lingers over the pages and would make delay among the dear memories that come thronging back to me—but let me on to my story.

It was early in the memorable spring of 1861 that Mrs. Bickerdyke "enlisted for the war," though it was long after that that she was enrolled as a "regular"—and, even then, she drew no pay, but gave herself freely to the cause she had espoused.

Her first work was in the hospitals at Cairo, Illinois, where Miss Mary Stafford was also at work, trying to make more comfortable the four hundred or more men who were sick there of fevers of various kinds, measles and other diseases, incidental to camp life.

Miss Stafford, as we can well imagine, welcomed Mother Bickerdyke with great joy and gladness and they worked together through several months.

Though she had seen much of the dreadful effects of battles, the first one she really witnessed was at Fort Donaldson, and here it was that she did what has been so often told in "song and story." It must be familiar to every one. Her voice would grow tender and a far-away look would come in her eyes when she spoke of it—as if again she was out under the midnight sky with her lantern, searching over that field, still thickly strewn with the unburied dead, lest somewhere among them one still alive might have been overlooked. "Oh, those dead faces! those staring, sightless eyes that no tender hand had closed! Young boys who should have been at home with their mothers—men everywhere cut down in the pride and bloom of manhood—I can never forget it all—never shut it away from my sight." It is known, too, that her brave search was rewarded by finding two young men yet alive, one of whom died soon after, but the other lived to return to his home in Dayton, Ohio. Think how he would tell the story there, and with what reverent love and gratitude those who loved him, and for whom she had saved him, would name her name! Think, too, in how many homes all over our beautiful land these scenes are duplicated—homes where she holds

"Such place in all men's thoughts that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, her name
Is ever on their lips."

At Fort Donaldson she assisted in the removal of the wounded to the different hospitals along the river, and did valiant work among them. At Paducah, Mound City, Pittsburg Landing, Savannah (Tenn.), Farmington, Inka, and Corinth, she went from hospital to hospital, laden always with "good things" for her "boys"—with material comforts of food and clothing, and the no less real if less material things that cheer and inspire the soul—words and deeds of love and mercy. Wherever she went order followed in her footsteps—disorder, inefficiency, wrong and injustice fled before her approach in ways that must seem no less than marvelous to those not understanding her character and resources.

Great quantities of "supplies," the making of which helped so much to relieve the weary months of waiting and anxiety for the women of the North, the loving but brave mothers, wives and daughters who waited and prayed at home while the fathers, husbands and brothers fought and fell on southern fields—were sent to her by sanitary commissions and other benevolent associations, supplies that she always put in the way of doing the greatest good to the greatest number possible, and that she gave out to the soldier-boys with many a cheering word of home and mother, thus giving them a greatly increased value and power for good. When these supplies ran short, as was sometimes inevitable she would get a great ambulance wagon, and, with some convalescent soldier, or one detailed from the ranks for a driver, would go on long foraging expeditions into the surrounding country, returning laden with all manner of good things for the "inner man." The negroes everywhere were her friends and were glad and proud to give her fruits and vegetables from their "truck patches," and eggs, chickens, milk and butter from their storehouses. Her friends in the North sent her great boxes of clothing for her own use. She appreciated their kindness, but she kept

only what she must have for herself, the rest she took with her when she went "foraging" and exchanged them for provisions for her boys.

It was not until in November, 1862, that she felt obliged to take a vacation. The constant work, the responsibilities and anxieties were beginning to tell heavily upon even her strong frame, and the longing for her children, for the sound of their voices and the touch of their hands—the desire to see lands and fields untouched by the awful devastation of war—all this drew her irresistibly back, and leaving her hospital work in charge of faithful assistants, she returned with joy to her home. Let us not attempt to picture the meeting there nor seek to intrude upon her feelings as she clasped those so dear to her again in her motherly arms and heard their words of love and gladness—felt their caresses. She was the bearer of many messages and tokens from the soldiers to the home folks—some that brought joy and the hope of future meetings—others that made the tears fall fast—as trembling hands held the last gifts from a dear one whose earthly life was over. In private homes and in public meetings she told the story of the brave deeds being done in the camp and upon the battlefield, and urged the people to give generously for the comfort and the sustaining of those who were so bravely giving their all to their country's need. The people, grateful and appreciative for all she had done; would gladly have feted her, but she wanted none of it. "I have done so little compared to what our boys are doing, don't make a fuss about it," she said with blunt honesty so characteristic of her. And indeed it was not excitement and publicity she wanted then or ever, but a chance to rest and enjoy the quiet of her home with her children about her. She did many little services for them—repaired and replenished their clothing and, in so far as she could, prepared them for another separation from her. For she had no thought of "quitting the service." Her work and her experiences had made her almost invaluable at the front. She felt she was needed there, and again, in January, 1863, she said "good bye" to her own loved ones and turned her steps southward, beginning her work at Memphis with renewed vigor and zeal. Her sons were well cared for in the school where she had placed them, and she felt herself free to do her work.

It had always been difficult for her to get as much pure milk and as many fresh eggs as she wanted for hospital use, and as time passed, and the fortunes of war left fields untilled, dairies and poultry yards more and more uncared for, this difficulty increased, until, in desperation, Mrs. Bickerdyke determined to apply once again to the generous people of the North for help. Her plan for bringing a drove of cows and hens to camp was at first only laughed at, but this added to her determination, and finally permission was given her to "try it." She secured a twenty days' "furlough" and ere its expiration had made a trip up through Illinois and returned with one hundred fine milch cows "warranted not to give chalk-and-water milk," and a thousand hens, each pledged to lay her "one egg a day for hospital use." They were cared for on an island near Memphis by the "contrabands." As the months passed and there was no lack of pure milk and fresh eggs, many were they who blessed Mrs. Bickerdyke for her foresight and the wisdom of her plan. When finally the hospitals were broken up because they were no longer needed, these herds and flocks were given to the faithful "contrabands" who had cared for them.

From Memphis Mrs. Bickerdyke went to Vicksburg, where there was greater need of her services, working there and at Jackson through the long hot summer days, until, early in the fall General Sherman sent her North for rest and recuperation, but only for a short time, for when he with his troop reached Chattanooga, she joined them there. She had a great admiration for several of our great generals, but most of all for Sherman. She loved him, and, after the fall of Vicksburg, she considered herself as a part of his force and under his command, though he used laughingly to say she "outranked" him.

She was put in charge of the field hospital at Mission Ridge near Chattanooga, after that dreadful battle "above the clouds," in November, 1863, and, for over a month, was the only woman there. It is almost impossible to imagine the scene there where the wounded and the exhausted assigned to her care numbered over two thousand! What a fearful tax upon her strength and her sympathies! When I think of her here, recalling the mangled bodies, the faces distorted with pain, torn with shot and shell, the long, long lines of them dead, wounded and dying—I think of that passage in "Rab and His Friends," where, in telling of the young medical students who came in eager haste to watch the operation performed for poor little "Ailie's" relief, it says of them: "In them pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose." This must have been her experience. She had no time for tears nor for weak shrinking from the sight of suffering, so natural and common to woman. She must needs put all her energies into work, her eyes must be clear, her hands steady to assist in the operations that, though they seemed most cruel and meant great pain then, were yet most kind, and would give relief in days to come. She must go here, there, and everywhere, helping, cheering and encouraging. One woman among over two thousand sufferers! One of weaker nature and of less sure control of self must have been appalled by the magnitude of the task, but not Mother Bickerdyke. Her strength arose to meet the need and she was a very host in the work she did. Hers was the

> "Insanity of noble minds
> That never falters or abates,
> But labors and endures and waits,
> Till all that it foresees it finds,
> Or what it cannot find—creates!"

Conditions Under Which Women and Children Work

ADDRESS BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, JUNE 4, 1906, BY MISS ANNA E. NICHOLES, OF NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE, CHICAGO.

So closely allied are the interests of all workers in our present complex industrial system that conditions cannot be changed for one without a sympathetic movement all along the line.

A protest against the exploitation of childhood has been heard throughout the United States, resulting in laws to protect the child in the working world. But the movement does not rest there.

As has been said: "The emancipation of childhood from economic servitude is a social reform of magnitude. If it comes to be an understood thing that a certain sacredness does hedge around a child, that a child is industrially tabooed, that to violate its rights is to touch profanely a holy thing, that it has a soul which must not be blighted for the prospects of mere gain—if this be generally conceded with regard to the child the same essential reasoning will apply to the

adult worker. They, too, will not be looked upon as mere commodities, as mere instruments for the accumulation of riches."

Whenever and wherever we recognize "the higher nature present potentially in the child" we dignify all life and raise it to a higher plane.

We cannot recognize our responsibility for the conditions and the protection of the working child without also facing at least the problems of the adult workers.

The problem of our day seems to be this industrial adjustment all along the line; little children, young girls, women and men. Here is the practical test of the realness of our conception of brotherhood—whose brother are we to be?

Has not the church a responsibility as an organization to extend the idea of brotherhood to the workers who make our clothes, prepare our food, print our books and papers—to the messenger boys and telephone girls—and to all the workers of the world?

Can we not expect from the church concern, interest and broad desire for enlightenment in the many industrial problems arising from our complex economic system? Can we look to the church for some high, clear utterance for the world's workers, full of vision growing out of the sacred estimate that it has learned to place upon humanity?

Many of the workers feel that this cannot or will not come from the church and have consequently fallen away from their interest there. In the words of one of them, "The more intelligent and progressive workmen realize that it is impossible for him to advance those interests which appeal most strongly to him through the agency of the church and devotes himself to other movements in which progress is possible."

Wages and hours of labor, conditions of employment, the sweat shop, child-labor, woman in industrial life—these are vital and immediate questions to him who by the exercise of every faculty of mind and body is able to place only a few days between himself and want. Religion as preached is something far away and vague, which has little to do with the problems with which his heart and brain are concerned.

The dividing line between spiritual and temporal affairs becomes more distinct every day, and this and not antagonism to religion is the explanation of the apparent indifference of organized labor towards the church.

The work of little children has become a matter of public concern, and yet how slowly forward moves the movement to protect child work.

During the past year (1905) twelve States have enacted child-labor laws of more or less value—yet in the South the number of children working under fourteen years has doubled in the past five years.

Writes Mr. McKelway, himself a Southerner: "Conditions are just now at their worst from the increasing demand for Southern goods, the tempting profits of their manufacture and the pressing need for more labor to meet the sudden and tremendous expansion of the industry. But the spirit of reckless commercialism must yield to the unanimous protest of pulpit, press and the insistent demand of the physician and the school teacher that the child must not sacrifice health and education for the sake of the pittance that is the wage of the tired and puny hands."

Says Samuel Lindsay, chairman of the National Child Labor: "Our mines and coal breakers, cotton mills and factories, our glass factories and silk mills, messenger and delivery service, street trades and other hazardous occupations for young children, have already enlisted one in every twenty-two children throughout the entire country, and if we include all wage-earning children workers, more than one in every six children in the country—or over two million—must be counted. We cannot boast of American opportunities or do aught but hang our heads in shame when we admit these facts."

Sentiment is easily aroused on the subject, but to arouse that intelligent conscience that will not slumber tills wrongs are righted seems most difficult.

In Illinois a certain amount of legal protection is extended to the working child, but the educational requirement is so low that we may say that 40 per cent of our children in Chicago, those who go to work in or below the fifth grade, go to work with little or no education.

A recent study of conditions in Chicago shows that in the two and a half years since the amended child-labor law went into effect 30,643 children left our public schools to go to work.

Next lowest to the children in the industrial world is the woman worker. While accurate information can be given concerning the working child, results of the investigations of various societies—and the recent activity in enacting legislation for their protection—no adequate facts inform us when we seek to generalize on the conditions of women who are working.

The last census tells us that in the 303 employments found in all but eight women were employed.

The employments in which there are no women are soldiers (United States), sailors (United States), marines (United States), street car drivers, firemen (fire department), apprentices and helpers to roofers and slaters, helpers to steam boilermakers, helpers to brass workers. There were found to be 5,319,397 women gainfully employed, but these figures really tell us little.

We turn to the statutes to learn how far the physical and moral well being of women workers is a matter of concern by the community as expressed in legal enactments for her protection. States differ greatly in legislation on this point. In general there are laws prohibiting women's labor in mines, in barrooms and concert hall; in operating dangerous machines, limiting her hours per week and prohibiting night work; requiring toilet facilities and dressing rooms, and one of our smallest States, Delaware, makes it unlawful for an employer or foreman to use abusive, indecent or profane language before women workers. In Illinois we have but two provisions: That sex shall be no disqualification for any business or vocation pursued by men; also that women shall not be employed in mines.

But, after all, these give us but the dry bones of the problem. The living, working woman, the one outside the law book and not fully covered by the census, the one who enters world's work today, gives rise to many questions.

Some claim that women should never have followed her work from the private homes of the nation to the public kitchens and workshops, where so much of our present day food and clothing are prepared. "Ah, it is not the fact that women work," exclaims one, "for they have always worked, that is the problem, but that they are now paid for that labor that brings the problem."

On every side it is declared that they are taking the places of men. These are few of the problems, to say nothing of the complex questions that center about the home, of which the woman is center, such as the employment of married women, whether the standard of living is to be set by the man's earning ability or by the industrial efforts of both. This winter there was presented in Washington a bill asking that a

national investigation be made into the subject of woman's work that some adequate data might be secured. That this difficult industrial adjustment be made truly is of first importance not only to the woman herself who is working and has to shift for herself completely but also to the community at large in its concern for the mothers of the nation.

A State investigation is being conducted by the Bureau of Labor here in Illinois into the conditions of working women, but the facts are not yet before us. The small wages received by women workers and the number of those wholly or partly dependent upon her for support—these two points have already impressed Mr. Ross, who is conducting this investigation. Women's lack of industrial experience, lack of skilled training, the fact that she is disfranchised, having no voice upon public questions, places her easily in the rank of cheap labor.

Individually these women are powerless to affect any improvement in their condition. As Mrs. Sidney Webb says: "A working woman does not, like the shopkeeper, merely sell a piece of goods which is carried away. It is her whole life which for the stated terms she places at the disposal of her employers. What hours she shall work, when and where she shall get her meals, the sanitary conditions of her employment, the safety of the machinery, the atmosphere and temperature to which she is subjected, the fatigue and strains which she endures—all these are involved in her contract and not in her employer's. Yet about the majority of these vital conditions she cannot bargain at all."

In three weeks our public schools will turn out hundreds of young girls who will seek positions of various kinds, accepting any pay that is offered. These girls are unskilled and without training and industrial experience. They become a menace to all our organized workers.

There is a laundry in our city that is said to make the practice of hiring children between 14 and 16 years of age to do its work, paying them about one-third the wages offered in other establishments and discharging them when they reach an age and skill to demand more in wages.

Before women workers crowded the ranks of store-keeping clerks received much higher pay in our cities. In gents' furnishing goods, where women are not generally found, wages are higher than in the dry goods stores.

"Many more of us, probably the majority, receive $6 a week than more," said a clerk to me in one of the better large downtown stores, "while in the outlying districts the hours are inhumanely long, evening and Sunday work prevail, and the wages would average under $5 a week."

Powerless to regulate these evils individually are either men or women. But there is at present a movement among the workers—the trade union—that seeks to bring organization out of these unorganized conditions.

Perhaps to no body of workers is this movement of so much importance to safeguard them industrially as to the working women, though she has been slow to enter it and bear an active part in its policy.

Much is left to the body of workers to accomplish for itself that should be a matter of public concern:

1. The child should be left out of the industrial grindmill until of mature growth and he has received at least a moderate amount of education.

2. The working woman should be protected by law.

3. We should have industrial schools to give skilled training that women may more and more command a larger field in the labor market.

4. The trade unions, as the workers' own movement, representing their own remedy for existing evils, should be extended and strengthened among those who peculiarly need its protection—the unskilled and the women.

There are here in Chicago estimated to be about 10,000 women in trade unions organizations. This includes unions of garment workers, boot and shoe workers, boxmakers, laundry workers, waitresses, bindery women and others.

This gracious house in which we meet today opened its hospitable doors to the waitresses who, hearing that the conditions of their sisters in the trade were very bad in this locality, tried to rally them to help them to secure better hours and wages by the united efforts of all.

"What sort of a plan is it?" wonderingly inquired the girls, who were not used to such lovely rooms and gracious hospitality. It is a church, and more than a church; it is the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

In a small town in the center of the State a group of young boys and girls working in the laundries asked me to meet with them. It was a saloon hall, the only place offered to them that they could afford to rent. They told a story of low wages, long hours, unwholesome conditions that would win interest in their cause from any person. It would seem natural that we should have turned to one of the many churches in the little town for interest, yet neither they nor I thought of it.

As Henry Lloyd says: "To make the most of ourselves, human and divine, to help others to make the most of themselves, to recognize that we are not getting our best unless all our neighbors are getting their best, to create the institutions which will make it possible for all the people to lead this life together—this is democracy and Christianity. This democracy and Christianity are now moving forward to civilize and sanctify the largest of all the fields of human association—the common toil. This is the Religion of labor."

Why I Am a Vegetarian

From an Address by Rev. B. Fay Mills.

For several years a large majority of the members of my family have refrained from partaking of the flesh of animals. If you ask me why I eat fruits, grains and nuts of the earth in preference to meat, I should ask you, Why do you eat at all? You will say, "I eat in order to live." But what is your idea of living? Do you eat simply to exist from day to day, or do you have a higher ambition, one that would be suggested by the words of the apostle, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God?" Do you want to live the best possible life,—pure, noble, manly, free, progressive? The true man eats for the same reason that he works and studies and prays, because he wants to live the best possible kind of a life.

It is not exactly fair to ask a man why he is a vegetarian. Only one-eighth of the people in the world are not vegetarians. Seven-eighths of all the people in this world do not eat meat, either from choice or necessity, and only one-eighth of us have formed the habit of meat-eating. So the reasonable thing would not be to ask a man why he is a vegetarian, but to ask the other people, "Why do you eat meat?"

My personal reasons for preferring grains, nuts and

fruits as articles of diet, instead of the carcasses of our animal friends, are:

First, I want to be healthy, vigorous and strong. It is a serious mistake to suppose that meat is the most nourishing kind of food. This idea is merely an old superstition. There was a time when our ancestors thought they needed to eat men in order to be powerful, but we do not believe now that we have to eat the great warriors in order to be strong and courageous. Neither do we have to absorb cows and sheep in order to be well and strong. Almost any doctor who knows his business will tell you this. Meat contains 70 per cent water, but grains have only 15 per cent water in them; so if you eat grains you obtain 85 per cent nourishment, and if you eat meat you get only 30 per cent. There is more nourishment in a pint of milk than in a pound of meat; more nourishment in a cup of peanuts than in a pound of beef. Milk and eggs are not vegetables, but they are a constructive kind of animal food which do not include any retrograde movements.

The greatest flesh eaters are Americans, then come the Australians. Americans eat five billion pounds of beef, four billion pounds of pork, and about one billion pounds of mutton every year, averaging more than the average weight of a man, or 147 pounds of meat a piece. And the Americans and Australians have more doctors proportionately than any other people on the face of the globe.

Those who eat meat are very apt to eat diseased meat. Many of our best physiologists, chemists and physicians state that the blood diseases of the human race are very largely received from the diseases of the animals we eat. Another great advantage of living on grains, nuts and fruits is the consequent preservation of the teeth.

Not only do I believe we obtain more nourishment from the natural foods of the earth, but this practice is conducive to physical health and vigor. The Spartans—their very name sends a thrill down the backbone—were vegetarians. All the world knows how a little heroic band of 300 held back a million. The Romans in their prime were vegetarians, and many of the greatest athletes of today also abstain from meat eating. I do not think there has ever been an athletic contest, where vegetarians and meat eaters have been represented, where the vegetarians have not come out ahead. In the great walking match from Dresden to Berlin some time ago, in which were Americans, Austrians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and other competitors, the athletes were allowed but one hour for eating, and out of the large number of forty, of whom eight were vegetarians and thirty-two meat eaters, the six first arrivals were from the eight who partook only of fruits and vegetables. The first meat eater was an hour behind the last of the six vegetarians. The man who won the race was twenty-eight years of age, and had not touched meat for ten years. He walked the 124 miles in 26 hours and 53 minutes.

The strongest animals in the world live on a vegetarian diet. The lion is not the strongest of animals, although one of the most ferocious. The horse, elephant, antelope and reindeer are among the strongest animals in the world, and these are vegetarians. The Chinaman is one of the strongest of men, and he subsists on rice. The Irish, living largely on potatoes, are also a sturdy race.

I am a vegetarian not only because I believe it is conducive to health but also because this practice is good for the brain. The Hindus are the greatest thinkers who ever lived, and they are vegetarians. The old Greek philosophers, Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, and others, were vegetarians. The greatest of the Romans, Seneca, Plutarch, Porphyry, and their like, refrained from eating meat. Goldwin Smith selects Thomas Aquinas as the best illustration of maximum brain work and Shelley of the maximum imagination, and both of them were vegetarians. Many Scotchmen live almost entirely on porridge. Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, "You Scotchmen eat oats; in England we feed oats to our horses." "That is the reason," replied the Scotchman, "why you have such fine horses in England, and in Scotland we have such great men."

I am a vegetarian not only because I want to be healthy and because I believe it is better brain food but because I want to be human; or, if you care to express it a little differently, because I want to be humane. Pain, in the present state of human and animal development, seems to be a necessity, but to inflict unnecessary pain is not humane. Let that sink in. I believe it ought to be our object in this world to minimize pain. As Leigh Hunt said:

> "That there is pain and evil is no rule
> Why I should make them greater, like a fool."

If I had to choose whether I would eat a cow or die, there might be a question; but I will not enter into the consideration of that now, because I do not have to face that issue. I have not eaten any cows for a long time, and I am in first-class health; and my wife has not eaten any for a still longer time, and she also is enjoying good health. We do not need to eat animals in order to be comfortable, healthy and strong. It can readily be seen that if I consent to eat these animals I at once enter into partnership with an awful system, that causes unspeakable agony to these lesser creatures of God. There are tens of thousands of cattle and sheep killed on the plains every year by the passing trains; tens of thousands more are frozen to death, and tens of thousands die from hunger and thirst. That, however, is not the worst. What is worse? I answer, the cattle trains. These great restless trains of agonized flesh, unprotected in heat and cold, without food or water, travel their long journeys, sometimes thousands of miles. Our laws now provide that cattle and sheep on their way to market must have food and water at least once in twenty-eight hours; but a strong agitation is kept up by the cattle men to restore the old-time limit of forty-eight hours. And there is something still worse. What is it? The cattle ships. Think of those fearful marine dungeons! On every cattle ship the company has an agreement by which a regular allowance is made for the number that shall die of their discomfort in crossing the ocean. But the awful climax is still to come. When they arrive at their destination by train or ship they are hurled into pens, made to rush blindly down the gangway of their scaffold, and then receive the crushing blow that sends them trembling, but not yet dead, to the earth.

It is said that every murder with a knife in the city of Chicago for the past eight years was traced to the influence of the stock yards.

I am a vegetarian not only because I want to be healthy and feed my brain properly and be humane, but because I think it is rational. Where are your arguments on the other side? Absolutely there are none. I have read the so-called arguments, and there is not one that is given in favor of the custom of eating the flesh of animals that might not, with equal force, have been given by the cannibals before they gave up the custom of eating men.

Finally, I prefer to live on the fruits, grains and

nuts of the earth, because I believe that this natural practice contributes to the moral and spiritual nature. Of course, it pays to be rational, healthy and humane, and this should be sufficient reward. Much as I love animals, I do not want in me the natural characteristics of our friends in the procession just behind us. Nearly thirty years ago, when I was crossing the continent, the train would arrive at some small station, and the passengers would stand on the platform for a rest. The Indians called to the ladies and gentlemen from the Pullmans, "Give two bittee see pappoose eat mouse." Some of the New York and Boston people gave the money asked for, and in consequence of their generosity and curiosity the table in the dining car sometimes lacked patrons. Australian aborigines are said to eat worms and reptiles. But I can tell you something worse than that, although it does not seem credible. I actually know some citizens of the United States of America, in good standing, with white skins, who actually eat pigs. I do not desire the spirit of the pig. I much prefer something different—the spirit of the grains and the fruits.

A man once said to a butcher, looking at his meat, "Is this meat diseased?" The butcher replied, "No, my man, it is worse; it is dead." Some of it has been dead a long time.

Some people say to me, with great surprise, "What, are you a vegetarian?" I think that it will not be very long before we turn the tables and say, "What, are you a corpse eater?"

Dr. Craig, a noted physiologist, says that in the last forty years he has known many vegetarians, but he has never known one who has used liquor or other harmful drinks.

I believe in taking into my body the life that comes from sunshine and water and air and sublimited earth, transforming them into brain and conscience and character. I believe it is easier for one who lives on grains and fruits to be good, pure, kind, unselfish, than for one who lives on the blood of animals. While my lesser self and my higher self—this body and this spirit—dwell together, I want the one to minister to the other to the best possible advantage. Robert Browning says, "Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul." I want the ministry of my body to my soul to be uplifting and noble. My conclusion is evident, Whatever you do, whether you eat or drink, do all for your moral, for your spiritual, development, which is the glory of God.—*From "Fellowship."*

Giving a Woman Her Rights

The car was full and the night was wet. The bell rang, the car stopped, and a lady entered. As she looked tired a nice old gentleman in the corner rose and inquired in a kind voice, "Would you like to sit down, ma'am? Excuse me though," he added, "I think you are Mrs. Sprouter, the advocate of woman's rights."

"I am, sir," replied the lady, calmly.

"You think that women should be equal to men?" further queried the old gentleman.

"Certainly," was the firm reply.

"You think they should have the same rights and privileges?" was the next question.

"Most emphatically," came from the supporter of woman's rights.

"Very well," said the old gentleman, sitting down again, "just stand up and enjoy them."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE STUDY TABLE

*The Jewish Spectre

Here is a book that will be generaliy pronounced erratic. The writer is not the least bit conciliatory, striking right and left, sparing neither friend nor foe. His idea is that the Jew, both ancient and modern, as he exists in our minds is a spectre, a monstrous distortion having no slightest resemblance to the reality. That this is very much the case in regard to the Jew of Bible times will be generally conceded by intelligent students, so buried he is in the legends of those times and so incessant are the references to him in Christian teaching. He has become enormously magnified under these lenses. To make this plain even to those most under the illusion, Mr. Warner in jaunty journalistic style turns the light of historical and literary criticism on the records and poesy of this people, sets them in contrast with their contemporaries and reduces them to their proper insignificance. This is the task of the first half of the book, and the candid reader will have to agree that it is only too thoroughly done. The author has read the Higher Criticism, and, as he follows it pretty closely, he is generally well grounded in his facts, whatever one may think of the inferences he draws from them. Exception may be taken to his date for the invasion of Canaan by the Hebrews and to his fancy that Jeremiah wrote Deuteronomy, but these matters have no bearing on his argument. He wants to rectify our notion of the old Jews, and for this he must belittle them, or, as he would say, reduce the extravagant conception that has been formed of them. He pronounces the idea (with a singular perversion of language and of sense), a "delusion that the ancient Jews conferred upon the world an immense benefit, whereas *it* really conferred a great injury, if progress, intellectual development, and happiness are the legitimate aims of our race." (The italics are mine, but what is "it"?)

Mr. Warner, of course, has to admit that there were some good men in Judea in the old time, men who had ideas and uttered them, but just as

> "John P.
> Robinson, he
> Thought they didn't know everything down in Judee,"

he will not concede that Israel taught the world the law of righteousness. Accordingly he has a backthrust at Matthew Arnold for making that contention. Renan, too, whom we always supposed keen-sighted as to Jewish as well as other foibles, comes in for a slap or two for having helped to keep afloat "the spectre."

The author scouts the use of Israelite as synonymous with Jew. Israel utterly passed away with the going into captivity, and a new nation was founded by the Jews returning to Jerusalem. The "nation" extended only to the environs of the city, and the people at most were only a handful. The outlying regions of Samaria and Galilee formed another province. So, coming down to later times, he denies that Jesus and his Galilean disciples were Jews—an immense convenience, as it enables him to glorify Jesus without reflecting any credit on that despicable race. Jesus lived in Galilee, and though he may have had Hebrew blood in his veins, his nurture was broad, he was a child of the world—was at least no Jew. So Mr. Warner, who is pursuing the Jewish spectre, finds it unnecessary to deal with the literature of the New Testament, and breaks off his critical investigation with the Apocrypha of the Old Testament.

*The Jewish Spectre, by George H. Warner, pp. 377: New York, Doubleday, Page & Co.

In the latter half of his book the author deals with the Jew in his wanderings through the world, and deals with him with a show of antipathy somewhat surprising in an American. He has palliatives for the Spanish and other persecutions at which we are accustomed to shudder; asks what the Jew came into Europe for; seeks to make it appear that he was not handled much worse than he deserved to be, not worse than Christians handled one another. Besides, the Jew was of no use in Europe. He produced nothing, invented nothing, wrote nothing. "I cannot see in anything that has been said or written, so far, any marked benefit that the modern Jews have conferred upon the world; that they are the authors of any science, of any invention, of any art; and I cannot see anywhere that they have done anything more than to glean in the prodigal fields of modern life, and admire themselves vastly for doing it." The author supports this position by ruling out of the Jewish race (just as he rules out Jesus) the members of it who have been most conspicuous in the modern world—Disraeli. Heine, Auerbach, and the rest. They were the product of their surroundings, not of their race! This is of a piece with the manner of the pious in accounting for the virtues of Robert Ingersoll and other "infidels," including Mr. Warner himself.

I cannot close without expressing surprise at the faults of construction with which the book abounds, the evident lack of any careful revision of "proof." Space would fail to cite all these slips, but, aside from the merely typographical, here are some of them:

"Ecclesiastes is a dangerous book because of the company it is in. The Renan of *his* day." etc., p. 140.

Speaking of the N. T. Apocrypha: "Beside these, account must be made of pieces not now extant, but of which mention *has been made by critics within the first four centuries.*" p. 180.

In the sixth line, page 358, the pronoun "his" has got wholly lost.

Here and there the nineteenth century is referred to as "this century," indicating that some chapters have not been properly revised since they were written, at least six years ago. NEWTON MANN.

Omaha, Neb.

A recast newspaper article with slang for a text and restaurant bills of fare for the body of it appears in a forty-seven page booklet entitled "The City That Was." It is a picture of San Francisco before the earthquake, by Will Irwin, and it portrays the free and Bohemian life of that fated city as seen by the man about town. With true newspaper instinct, only the unusual is noted to the exclusion of the higher life that as certainly existed in the city by the Golden Gate. B. W. Huebsch, New York, is the publisher and the price is fifty cents. SNOWDEN.

Correspondence

FRANK PARSONS ON RAILWAYS, ETC.

Dear UNITY: May I call the attention of your readers, and particularly the ministers of that company, to Prof. Frank Parsons' new book on "The Railways, the Trusts and the People," the first part of which has just been published in paper form as a number of the Equity Series, edited and published by Dr. C. F. Taylor, 1520 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, at the popular price of 25 cents. Professor Parsons and Dr. Taylor have given in admirable form about all the facts concerning railroads which concern the student and the public generally, and especially now that the railways are up for earnest consideration. Here one may learn the facts concerning railway concentration and power, rate discrimination, fostering of monopolies, power in politics, manipulation of and gambling in stocks, graft, strikes, etc., etc. The twenty chapters of the present publication is a liberal education to any reader, and the closing chapters on the "Failure of Control" and the "Irrepressible Conflict" brings up the all important question what the public is going to do about the railroads? These questions will be answered in Part II by Professor Parsons, but the data, so well given in Part I of this work, will enable the citizen to shape his own answer to the question in advance of Professor Parsons' statement of the answer, for which the reader of Part I, as of Professor Parsons' other writings on this question, will wait anxiously.

It is not my purpose to review the work of Professor Parsons, but to call to the attention of others what I regard as a timely and valuable contribution to one of the foremost problems of the day.

New York. LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE.

Fern Life

Yes, life! though it seems half a death,
When the flowers of the glen
Bend over, with color and breath,
Till we tremble again;

Till we shudder with exquisite pain
Their beauty to see,
While our dumb hope, through fiber and vein,
Climbs up to be free.

No blossom, scarce leaf, on the ground;
Vague fruitage we bear—
Point upward, reach fingers around,
In a tender despair.

And we pencil rare patterns of grace
Men's footsteps about:
A charm in our wilderness place
They find us, no doubt.

Yet why must this possible more
Forever be less?
The unattained flower in the spore
Hints a human distress.

We fern-folk with grave whispers crowd
The solemn wood-gloom,
Or weave over clods our green cloud
Of nebulous bloom.

To fashion our life as a flower
In weird curves we reach—
O Man, with your beautiful power
Of presence and speech!

Yet the heart of the human must grope
Through its nobler despair;
For it can but look upward and hope
All perfection to share.

And to dream of the sweetness we miss
Is not wholly in vain;
For the soul can be glad in a bliss
It may never attain. —*Lucy Larcom.*

Great Rivers

For over twelve hundred miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The Jordan is the most crooked river known, winding two hundred and thirteen miles in a distance of sixty.

The Potomac river is only five hundred miles long, and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.

The highest of all navigable rivers is the Tsangpo, in China, which flows for nearly one thousand miles at an elevation of from eleven thousand to fourteen thousand feet.

Three rivers as big as the Rhine would just equal in volume the Ganges, three Ganges the Mississippi, and two Mississippis the Amazon.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Co-Operative Commonwealth

N. O. NELSON.

PROFIT SHARING.

When workers and other employees get a part of the profits in addition to market rates of wages, it is called Profit-Sharing. When a part or the whole profit above interest on capital is given to the customers, it is called coöperation. The Nelson Manufacturing Company combines both, and most of its capital takes no interest. The property employed is in the million figures, the sales in the several millions. The present captain has been 'on deck'' thirty-four years.

June 1 completed our forty-first half year of profit-sharing with employees and the third half year with customers.

Dividends on wages for the whole period have ranged from 4 per cent to 15 per cent. Dividends to customers have been 25 per cent on gross profit (difference between first cost and selling price) of their purchases, averaging about 4 per cent on the selling price.

The dividends in the twenty years have amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. They are now at the rate of about one hundred thousand a year.

This is the dollar dividends, the larger and better dividends are the mutual interest, the good-will, the bridge across the chasm between capital and labor, between buyer and seller. Not one man in the deal is injured; every man is benefited. The property is made more productive by the process of distributing the ownership and the benefits.

In round figures the capital gets about one-tenth of the profits, the customers three-tenths, the public two-tenths. The capital, which gets the one-tenth, is mainly held by employees who have received it as dividends in past years. I, as the chief capitalist, take none.

A prominent competitor, one of the largest and most successful in the United States, a typical captain of industry, recently sought an interview for information, not in the attitude of protest, but of criticism and inquiry. He knew the plan, and by the logic of the capitalist mind, he could not see in it either the sense or the justice or the safety with which he credited me. He was a candid inquirer, and my answers were simple and readily understood. One objection after another seemed to dissolve when he got the human point of view in place of the dollar view.

''I think,'' he said, ''it is right to sell stock on easy terms to the leading employees; they are the ones who make the profits, and, becoming stockholders, they will work harder for profits; but I don't see any reason for letting in the workmen and clerks.''

Answer: This is the old partnership way, the ''leading employees'' become junior partners; the Rockefellers and Carnegie fortunes are of that construction. The ''harder work for more profits'' has consisted mainly in manipulating the market, in terrorizing or destroying the competitor, and in ignoring the mass of employees. Mainly within the same period of time, the coöperative associations of Great Britain have built up a business of 500 millions a year, 75 millions of which is their own manufacture, a capital of, say, 100 millions and 45 millions of net profits after paying interest on capital and depreciating the fixed property. Customers, who also are the stockholders, get all the profits, but on their purchases, not on their capital. The employees get their dividends as customers in the retail stores, which are the stockholders in the wholesale federation. The business is done on an open market in competition with all the world and paying the full scale of wages. It is carried on with signal ability in the general management, the wholesaling (160 millions a year), the manufacturing, the foreign buying, the banking and insuring, the retailing and the housebuilding. With signal ability and success, and yet not a single manager is a capitalist, he can in no instance own over $500 in stock or get more than the lowest bank rate of interest for it. More marvelous still, in no instance is a high salary paid, not the market price nor near it.

Practically the same is true of the Godin Iron Works in France and Belgium, employing 1,775 men and making very liberal profits, and the Leclaire Company in Paris, employing 1,400 house-painters and decorators. These concerns passed from private ownership into the ownership of the employees, and they have prospered more than before. It appears conclusively shown that efficient management is not dependent upon large salaries or large personal profits, and the inference is inevitable that the mutual interest of the customers in the British form and the employees in the French, greatly aids both the management and the prosperity. In our own case, we unite the customers and all the employees, we can gradually eliminate all trade waste and greatly relieve the cares of management. Our situation is further strengthened by the fact that most of our capital is free, it claims neither interest nor dividend.

To the further objection that the customer had no claim upon the profit, the answer was that he was a prime factor in producing the profit; it was he who bought the goods the employees made. His good-will and continuous purchases give assurance of steady work and increase the profit. The sense of mutual interest and fairness makes him a better man and a safer debtor. When he becomes a stockholder, he has a voice in the control; he is a partner, the business is his own to the extent of his stock and his purchases.

''But,'' said my interlocutor, ''when you are out of the way, others of different views will assert themselves and get control.'' Nothing human is absolutely certain. I have intentionally avoided attempting to assume the future by cast iron rules. I deem it safer to depend on establishing certain simple common sense elastic working plans, which commend themselves to at least the large majority. The people who come into the ownership of the business through the open door of profit-sharing can be trusted to maintain the system. Most men have an underlying sense of loyalty where it is deserved. Should any one or more ambitious men seek to subvert the plan and gain control for their own profit, they would be promptly turned out by the united action of the majority. Should any combination of employees or customers or outsiders seek control they would have to buy at a high price from a large number. By the established plan of the company, capital receives only simply interest. It is a good return to small holders on the par value; it would not justify a premium or be a profitable speculation. Should such a syndicate buy up controlling stock and make it profitable by taking all the profits and giving none to customers, the customers would surely resent it, withdraw their trade, and make the stock unprofitable.

But to safeguard the plan and keep the stock where it belongs these rules are in force by the approval of all or practically all the stockholders, present and prospective—that no employe may dispose of his own stock or buy another's and remain an employee. When he ceases to be an employee, he is free to sell or buy.

A customer may sell his stock, but thereafter receive only half dividend on his purchases.

Thus self-interest will keep the stock in the hands of the numerous employees and customers with rare exceptions.

Up to $2,000 the dividends are paid in stock; from $2,000 to $5,000 it is optional to take cash or stock; above $5,000 the dividends will be paid only in cash. Here again the holdings are limited.

Without imposing requirements or burdens upon the employees or customers, but applying these simple and automatic protective rules, there is no ground for fearing any change in the plan. Where all are interested in maintaining it; where fairness and mutual benefit have been fully established, men are not perverse or malicious or stupid. It is only when the ''diamond cut diamond'' or cut-throat policy prevails that the David Harum version of the Golden Rule prevails.—*From Fellowship.*

Religion is not the simple fire escape that you build in anticipation of a possible danger upon the outside of your dwelling and leave there until danger comes. But religion is the house in which we live; it is the table at which we sit; it is the fireside to which we draw near, and the room that arches its familiar and graceful presence over us.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Even Our Own God

And God, even our own God, shall bless us.—PSALMS LXVII:6.

That totem, carved grotesque, the Moloch fashioned
E'en more than horrible by crudest art;
Prone-visaged Mammon, Venus, all impassioned;
Mars, Jesus Christ—each finds a counterpart
Within the archives of the human heart,
Familiar Spirit guarding inmost shrine
At which all sacrifice, with sometime smart,
To apparent Good, which always means Divine.
Sole image thou of thine own deity,
A semblance never limned by hand of fate,
Since God takes shape from what seems good to thee
And spirit's choice to spirit gives estate.
Distinctive seal upon each soul must be,
For Good, as God doth individuate.

San Francisco, Cal. LEROY BLISS PECKHAM.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Pope's Commission on the Pentateuch.

A commission appointed by the pope early in his pontificate to investigate the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch has rendered a curious and important decision; important, as indicating the influence of modern scholarship even on so impervious a body as the Catholic Church; curious, because in true Catholic fashion it holds fast to a principle in general but gives it all up in detail.

It declares firmly that Moses is the author of the Pentateuch, but that it is not all inspired, that he may have made use of documents or traditions in compiling his work, that all of it may not have been written or dictated by him but may have been proposed by others under his direction and that subsequently changes may have been made, such as additions after his death, either inserted by an inspired author or attached to the text as glosses or interpretations, or the translation of words and forms from ancient language to a more recent one, or finally errors of copyists. Evidently these admissions open a very wide door, through which Catholic scholars will not be slow to enter the field of a broader Old Testament criticism.

Russia More Quiet.

At the time of the dissolution of the Douma, the statement was ventured in this column that the Czar had obtained an advantage of position over the forces of revolution. Subsequent events have verified the remark. There has been not a little disturbance, and the government is far from out of the woods, but it looks as if the tide had turned and that there was to be a reformation rather than a revolution. Two contrasting series of events have gone far to confirm this idea. On the one hand the army has made it more manifest than ever that it is not to be depended on as an agent of despotism. The latest evidence of this, as these words are written, is the firing on the Grand Duke Nicholas, at a review, by members of the Imperial Guard, the most trusted troops in the service. This along with the various mutinies, shows that sympathy with revolutionary ideas is wide-spread in the army, and that neither the Czar nor his advisers, however reactionary, will ever again feel safe in riding roughshod over the people, without regard to public sentiment, for there will be nothing to fall back on. On the other hand there is the complete failure of the general strike, and the manifest intention of the more peaceful reformers, represented especially by the constitutional democrats, to rally to the defense of the government as the one recourse against anarchy and a repetition of the horrors of the French Revolution. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the new ministry in its program for strong-handed reform, for nothing but sincerity can avail now, and a real, even if heroic, solution of the land question may serve to bring the peasantry to a more peaceful frame of mind. There will then be good prospect for a successful reassembling of the Douma, and a succession of reforms that will bring the empire into line as a progressive state and stave off the general smash-up.

The French Revolution serves a double purpose, as a warning against dogged despotism and against wild-eyed reform. It seems likely that one such example is enough for modern history.

The Fall of the House of Stensland.

On Monday, Aug. 6th, the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank of Chicago was closed by order of the state authorities and a bank wrecking of peculiarly aggravated character came to light. In consequence of the failure a teller of the bank and a depositor have committed suicide, another depositor has died from the shock of failure and several thousand small depositors are likely to lose at least half of their savings. The telfer, it should be said, has not thus far been identified with any wrong-doing and appears to have destroyed himself from excitement and general distress.

In its details the failure offers many audacious peculiarities, but the general story is the old familiar one of moral overstrain. A man prospers in business, shows high character and a friendly disposition. He starts a bank and is trusted implicitly by his friends and their acquaintances in ever widening circles. He is practically the whole bank, and the directors act only nominally. He prospers and launches out into speculations which call for more capital than he has at command. He exhausts his own credit at the bank and then begins by using dummy note-makers, such as clerks in a store. He gets the loans and pays the interest. Then he needs more money and forges names one after another, always intending to pay back and make all right but always getting deeper and deeper. As the process goes on he is obliged to take other officers of the bank into his confidence and they become partners in crime and finally the crash comes, and he runs away.

The peculiarities of this case have been first the "special accounts," various accounts of depositors who rarely withdrew and generally kept adding to their nest-eggs. These were kept hidden from the bank-examiner and "loans" were made on them to President Stensland either on forged notes or on notes signed with the street numbers of the bank buildings. As a third peculiarity blank notes with forged signatures were kept in readiness whenever further advances might prove necessary.

In such ways as this the bank was able to keep up the appearance of prosperity while its assets were absorbed in Stensland's speculations. One special piece of audacity was the forgery of a note for a large amount in the name of the loan committee of the board of directors, so that this man was assumed to have approved the forgery of his own name for a large amount.

The utter insufficiency of the system of state bank inspection has been laid bare. All that the inspector has done has been to check up notes and count cash. No attempt has been made to learn whether notes were genuine or were on good security. Such inspection is about as much of a danger as a protection, since it gives a false feeling of security.

For the sake of the innocent depositor and equally for the protection of the over-tempted bank official against himself, it is evident that a far more strict system of inspection is necessary.

Trouble for Slugger Labor Leader.

Cornelius P. Shea, the notorious president of the International Teamsters Union, was re-elected at the convention in Chicago on August 9th, but a large section of the convention has honored itself by withdrawing and organizing another union, and all overtures for any reconciliation which does not include the ousting of Shea and his supporters from office have been rejected. Shea's attitude on the question has been well defined by his reply to a suggestion that he should resign in the interests of harmony: "And what then? Go to driving a truck again?" Laboring men are like the rest of the world, you can fool all of them some of the time, and some of them all of the time, but not all of them all of the time.

Standard Oil Indictments.

As one paper puts it, "almost every day now the Standard Oil Company is able to add to its large and handsome collection of indictments." On Aug. 10th, at Jamestown, N. Y., 24 counts were found against them and their alleged collaborators for giving unfair rates. On Aug. 8th the Chicago special grand jury voted true bills on 19 counts for similar offenses. This form of foul trade promises to become also unprofitable trade before very long.

A Lyncher Convicted.

North Carolina has the honor of having convicted a man charged with conspiracy to lynch three negroes, who were put to death by a mob. The lyncher was sentenced to a term of fifteen years in state's prison—the maximum of penalty for the offense. This is said to be the first conviction in the history of the state and one of very few in the history of the nation. It is a sure sign of returning sanity and respect for law. When the law shows itself more worthy of respect by securing greater freedom from obstructions to the course of justice, there is good prospect that this humiliating evil will disappear from our nation.

Another Crapsey.

The Rev. George Clark Cox of Clifton, a suburb of Cincinnati, has addressed a letter to his bishop announcing his belief and disbelief in terms substantially the same as Dr. Crapsey, affirming that it is the general conclusions of modern historical criticism as applied to the New Testament. It is a brave act and one which may have far-reaching consequences.

The Episcopal church is confronted by a dilemma. Its bond of union is its ritual; but that ritual is permeated by ideas no longer held by men abreast with modern scholarship. If the church holds fast to its ritual, it must cut off its best intellectual leadership and drive away the most promising aspirants for its ministry; if it reforms its ritual thoroughly enough to leave room for modern thought it must leave its high church section high and dry. What the outcome will be is not clear, but it is evident that some far-reaching readjustment must come ere long, which will work for unity among men who follow the leading of free scholarship.

T. D. B.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling.

MON.—The weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him and which, worthily used, will be a gift to his race.

TUES.—Such help as we can give to each other in this world is a debt to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury.

WED.—There is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

THURS.—Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

FRI.—The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them.

SAT.—There is only one way to have good servants; that is to be worthy of being well served. . . . Only let it be remembered that "kindness" means, as with your child so with your servant, not indulgence, but care.—*John Ruskin.*

The Loom of Time

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.—Job.

Swift as a weaver's shuttle
Truly and quickly cast,
Every day is woven
Into the silent past;
Into the wondrous fabric
Go all the love and hate—
All in a fadeless pattern,
Lasting and intricate.

Here there are strands of beauty—
Kindness has lent its gold;
There we see barren places,
Sullen and dull and cold.
All of our clouds and sunshine,
All of our joy and pain
Leap from the flying shuttle
Full to the waiting chain.

Thus do the days go from us,
Thus does the weaver bind
Into a blended picture
All that we leave behind;
Ready with flying shuttle,
Lever and loom and thread,
For all the coming actions—
For all the days ahead.

So may we look behind us
Through all the web of days,
Seeing our good and evil
Blent in its endless maze.
Purple and gold and crimson
Vie with the sodden black—
Whether of pride or sorrow,
We may not have it back.

Swift as a weaver's shuttle
Day hastens on to day—
Always the fabric changes,
Always the colors play;
Now with a gloomy shadow,
Now with a glow sublime—
So go the deathless records
Into the loom of Time.

—*W. D. Nesbit, in the Trail to Boyland.*

It has been well said that "in much of the world's best work the unconscious element is the most precious." A man's life work may be a failure, from human standpoints, even from its own standpoint, and yet an invisible something has been added by him to the priceless stock of human worth and fidelity. This general truth is a consolation to lift us over many a stage of broken and disappointed hope. Life would mortify, and passing years terrify, were it not for the faith that Providence has far more to effect out of every sincere life than we can count or measure.—*T. L. Eliot.*

A Puzzle

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

He came from Cape Town,
Did little Joe Brown;
And what do you think he asserted?—
That last New Year's day
He harvested hay!
Was ever a boy so perverted?

I thought I should die
When of snow in July
He talked just as if it were true!
Do folks in Cape Town
Have heads upside-down?
I can't understand it. Can you?

—*From St. Nicholas.*

San Francisco Desolate

A groan of earth in labor-pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A trembling on the granite floors,
A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A terror on the towers and ships;
Torn streets where men and ghosts go by;
Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky,
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim
Turned softly to a bloom of flame,
A mock of kingly scarlet blown
Round shrieking timber, tottering stone;
A thousand dreams of joy, or power,
Gone in the splendor of an hour.

—*Edward Markham, in the Dramatic Mirror.*

The World's Great Need

In the quiet of these days it is well to look at the great world and ask, "What does the world need most?" and the answer must be, "Mothering." From the thrill of joy that moves the mother with the consciousness that a child is the fruition of her love, the throb of pain whose pang is borne with a consciousness of the love that sanctifies it, through the days of lullabies, of prayerful guiding, of heroic renunciation, to the laying down of life in the quietness of old age, look where one will, in the world of business, education, pleasure, sickness, trial, it is mothering that the world needs. It needs strength combined with tenderness; hatred of evil, with mercy and wisdom for the sinner; self-sacrifice, with the insight to separate sentimentality from the divine spirit that makes a man give of himself to another; ambition that builds day by day the structure of character that makes for God and his people; courage that faces evil fearlessly and fights to overcome it. Most of all it needs love—the love that moves the mother when she forgets everything in life but that which ministers to the child, the crown of her love.

Recently a tender, gentle, refined woman who has identified herself with those movements which seek to improve the conditions of child-life said: "I have a new thought come to me that has made me accept the loss of my little girl with patience, almost with resignation. God never meant that a woman should be mother to just one little girl. He meant that every woman should be mother to every child in the world."

Could this impulse become the principle of every woman's life, the mission of the Babe of Bethlehem would be accomplished. The moan of injustice, the shriek of ignorance, the cry of sin, would be a call to love which would inspire to activity the world's wisdom, the world's pity, the world's courage. Life would sweep on toward perfection unhindered by blind selfishness, unmarred by lust, unshadowed by ignorance. The soul of love is illumination, its impulse inspiration, and these divine qualities are the sign and seal of motherhood.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

From Our Friends

From Colorado Springs, Col.:

"I get inspiration from UNITY, though I do not get as much time as I should like to read it. Wishing you the financial success deserved by the high moral plane on which UNITY stands, I am, Yours sincerely."

From a California friend:

"I have enjoyed UNITY more than any paper I ever read. I have always been a Universalist; I think I am a Unitarian now. I shall miss your valuable paper, but am not able to take it. Please discontinue sending it on that account. With thanks for your kindness, I am."

From Oregon:

"I cannot get along without UNITY. It is getting better all the time."

From Minneapolis, Minn.:

"I have just been reading your excellent paper, UNITY. Permit me to congratulate you on its new dress and improvement. The last two numbers are alone worth a year's subscription."

From St. Paul, Minn.:

"After living in one place for nearly twenty-five years, and taking UNITY still longer, we have moved; but we still take UNITY." DELIE E. CHANEY.

From Rochester, N. Y.:

"In reply to your request for names of old subscribers. I have taken UNITY since it was started *and before.*"
W. E. GANNETT.

From Santa Barbara, Cal.:

"I think I have been a subscriber to UNITY for more than thirty years and shall probably continue my subscription as long as I remain on this side of the river." PAUL R. WRIGHT.

From Birmingham, Ala.:

"UNITY is headquarters for material by which I shape my convictions of the great questions before the living public. Please see inclosed $2 to cover subscription for one year."

From Los Angeles, Cal.:

"Inclosed please find $2, amount due UNITY, from a friend who has taken UNITY since it started. In all of these years UNITY'S weekly visits have been most enjoyable." MRS. KATE HAGEN.

From Oak Park, Ill.:

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"I notice in last UNITY a request for names of the 'old guard.' If I am not of that body I am sure I don't fall far short of the honor. If I did not take the first number I certainly took the first one that my attention was called to; your books will perhaps show. Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of whom I have the most kindly remembrance, was the one who called my attention to UNITY. May you (UNITY) and he be long with us and receive the esteem and regard to which you both are abundantly entitled."
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English and American Friends

The yearly meeting of the English Friends, commonly called Quakers, was held in London recently, and its principal discussion appears to have been centered about an invitation from the "Orthodox" Friends of America to meet with them at some future date. The English fought shy of this, putting off any decision for one year. It was feared that the American members were about to set up some standard of belief, and it was alleged in the course of the debate that American Friends had begun to call themselves a "church." It is quite true that American Friends, as represented in their yearly meeting, have pretty definite bounds of fellowship, despite their emphasis upon individual enlightment, and that out of a total of 118,181 Friends in America but 81,125 associate in the support of the anniversary to which the English Friends were invited. American Friends have also of late organized a home mission committee, and carry on an adult school for the diffusion of orthodox ideas. All of this appears repugnant to those in the old home who have every religious teaching supernatural and all religious enterprise directly inspired. But suspicious as the English were that they ought not to enter into any "entangling alliances" with their American brethren, they voted "that none of our traditions ought to stand in the way of a large-hearted spirit of adaptability; and that our views on liberty under the Holy Spirit ought to be interpreted by our members in the light of the facts and needs of today."—*Interior.*

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